

The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

VOLUME I.

Freedom: its Interests, its Rights, and its Honor.

NUMBER 110.

BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1861.

PRICE. TWO CENTS

TO HORSE OWNERS!

Dr. Bryden's HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES.

Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for several years, are now offered to THE PUBLIC, for the rapid cure of all diseases incident to

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Held Keeney, Livery Stable keepers, Horse Buyers, Saddle and Carriage makers, and Farmers in every section, are aware of the success that has attended the use of these medicines whenever I have used them, and I now offer them in full confidence that they will prove the "needed remedy" for all horse and cattle owners' use.

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Veterinary Surgeon.

North Craftsbury, Vt.

These medicine consists of

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For Horses and Cattle out of condition—

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Cough or Heave Powder,

For Coughs, Heaves or Broken Wind.

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Will cure Sore Throats and Horse Dietsemper, swelled joints, sore shins, bruises, sprains, cramps, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

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For Ring Bone, splint, or any enlargement on the bone from kick, blow or any other cause. This compound will stop the growth of the enlargement, and entirely cure the lameness. Perfect success has always attended the use of this valuable compound.

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SPECIFIC FOR SCRATCHES,**
NEVER FAILS! NEVER FAILS!

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Is well known by horse owners in Vermont, that it is unnecessary to say anything of its universal success in treating any disease of Horses & Cattle. And in presenting these medicines prepared with the greatest care from his receipts, we have only to say to such as have seen his remedies used,

You Know what they will do
and to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their care, you have only to give them a single trial to be fully convinced that they are

THE BEST REMEDIES

Ever sold in Vermont.

Full directions with each package.

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Montpelier, Vermont

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ANODYNE

COUGH DROPS

Has stood the test of a

Ten Year's Trial,

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THE BEST IN USE.

It has the fullest confidence of its patrons, and over

60,000 Bottles

having been sold in Vermont is a guarantee of its efficacy.

**The Price is within the
Reach of All.**

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To prevent the sad consequences of a hard cold or hacking cough, be prompt to procure

The Anodyne Cough Drops,

For it always cures.

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use in all parts of the State, use it in their practice and in their own families.

They say it is excellent for

COUGHS COLDS, CROUP,

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And this is the universal voice of people who use it. It is a FAMILY MEDICINE, for sudden Colds, for Children, and for aged people who cough and are kept awake at night. We do not believe there is not so

GOOD AND RELIABLE REMEDY

In the land, when such men as Dr. Clark, Dr. Bigelow, Hon. E. P. Walton, Dr. Smith, Dr. Hubbs, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Dea. L. B. Stone, L. H. & H. H. H.

give the highest recommendations for its use we ask

WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,

The Oldest Minister in New England,

gives his strongest recommendation of its efficacy and for

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,

You can run no risk, for every bottle is

Warranted!

PRICE 25 CENTS.

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Those who want

PURE

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can find the largest assortment in Vermont, at the

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L. F. PIERCE & CO.,

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MIDDLESEX OIL.

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for the sale of my

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All who wish Oil of the best quality, and

Perfectly Pure!

can get it at my Office in Montpelier, at the

LOWEST PRICES.

Merchants, Painters, and those who buy by the Barrel or more, shall have it at Factory price, delivered at my Office in Montpelier. **ENOS STILES,** may9

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50 doz. Scythes, Warranted. 50 doz. Snaths of all kinds. 25 doz. Forks, two and three Tines. 25 doz. Warden's Rakes. 20 doz. Wheel Stones. For sale at **J. ELLIS & CO'S.** Montpelier, June 24, 1861.

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use Smith's Anodyne Cough Drops, with the utmost satisfaction!

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THE REV. FATHER HOBART,

has used it for many years, and recommends its use in the strongest terms.

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and it proves to them the one thing needful, in every case.

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HIGH AND LOW,
OLD AND YOUNG**

SHOULD USE

SMITH'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS

Only 25 cents per bottle.

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Middlesex Oil!

I have this day purchased

RAW AND BOILED OIL

Of Mr. ENOS STILES, Middlesex, Vt., which I will sell to Painters, Paint Dealers and Builders, at the lowest market prices.

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The True Raw and Boiled

MIDDLESEX OIL

cannot be found at every place. So call for all your

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Japan Spirits, Tur-

pentine, Brushes, &c.,

at the Drug Store of

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Montpelier, Vt.

BOSTON JOURNAL,

MORNING AND EVENING EDITION

FOR sale at the Publisher's prices, by the subscriber, under J. R. LANGDON'S PAINT STORE, or de-livered to Village subscribers at their residences. Also, by Stage or otherwise, cut of town. **G. A. ASWEET,** Montpelier, May 25, 1861.

Miscellany.

The Heart in the Face.

It is truly remarkable that so much of the heart may be read in the face, so that it is quite easy to tell whether a man is joyous or sad, pleasant or angry. It is not always necessary for him to say exactly how he feels, since his true feelings are expressed in his countenance, which usually tells the truth.

His words may be false, and he may say what is untrue, but this index of the heart in the face tells no lies. This was all the evidence that Jacob had of his uncle Laban's ill-will toward him. His uncle had not uttered a word of censure or animosity, but he looked as if he felt unkindly. 'I see,' said Jacob to Rachel and Leah, 'your father's countenance that it is not toward me as before.' Looks, not words, convinced him that Laban cherished hard feelings toward him. He wanted no better proof than this—it was enough.

It is a fact that we judge more of men's dispositions by their looks than we do by their words. If we meet a stranger we look into his face, and make some inference very soon about his character. It is said that 'actions speak louder than words,' and it is just as true that looks speak louder than words. The language of looks is so explicit that even the little child can read it. The babe in its mother's arms knows the difference between a smile and a frown. The former awakens a smile on its little face, while the latter extorts a cry of fear. He makes no mistake here.—He can not understand the language that he hears—it is all an unknown tongue to him; but the looks he is able to interpret. The first book that a babe studies is its mother's face. Each smile is a lesson, and so is each shade that passes over her brow. Every day is a new leaf turned, with old lessons reviewed, and new ones learned; and, finally, the child so well understands the maternal heart which is carried in the face, that he nestles to it as he will to no other heart.

How is it in the family? Does not the parent know just how each child feels in the morning, by a glance at his countenance?—How invariably a happy heart sparkles out through the eye, and beams in every lineament of the face? But the scowl on the brow! what is the import of that? Every parent knows full well its meaning, and he must tread softly, or he will inflame passions that are now surging the heart. That cloud is a signal which the heart hangs out, a sort of Palm-tree flag that a rebellious spirit flings to the breeze, in defiant recklessness.

The Christian graces, too, often leave lines of light in the countenance. Meekness, humility, who has not traced these and kindred virtues in the face of the devoted saint? Eminent spirituality seldom fails to reveal itself in this way. He who is frequently in communion with heaven, and sincerely so, carries another countenance than he would to hold intercourse with the opposite realm. How true, then, that the "countenance is a tell-tale!" It tells what the heart is.—*Congregationalist.*

THE KING AND THE POTTER.—The following curious story, illustrative of royal weakness, popular fanaticism and heroic love of truth, is told in 'The Art of Doing our Best.'

In 1588, Henry III, then King of France, finding he could not long withstand the clamor for Palissy's execution, and reluctant to sacrifice the old potter, whom he had known and respected from his boyhood, visited him in prison.

'My poor Master Bernard,' said the king, 'I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two women and you. They must be burned to-morrow, and you, too, if you will not be converted.'

'Sire,' replied the fearless old man, 'you have said that you feel pity for me, but it is I who feel pity for you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king! The girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of Heaven, will teach you to talk royally. The Guisards, all your people and yourself, can not compel a potter to bow down to images of clay! Not many months afterward the fair girls were led to the stake, singing praises to God as they received their crowns of martyrdom. A year later, in 1589, in his eighty-first year, Bernard Palissy, the potter, died in the Bastille.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.—Garments we wear, that is, the disposition we carry—for the most part represent to other men what Christ is. You are the Bible which worldly men read. The apostle, in a noble sense, declared of the early church, that they were epistles known and read of all men. And although this was then a mere figure, illustrative of some truth, it is an absolute fact, that men think more of what the Bible teaches from you, than from the word of the text; and your conduct, whatever it may be, they are apt to ascribe, in the main, to religion. The church is God's interpreter and commentator of the Bible.

What a position, then, does a Christian man occupy! See how you stand related to those that God makes the first objects of your care, your children. You cannot help exerting an influence for good or for evil over them. During the first twelve or fifteen years of a child's life, father and mother are like God to it. Except in cases of great wickedness, children do not believe their father and mother can sin. The things you do are the model after which your children pattern. You are, by your words, your deeds, and the flow of your conduct, the interpretation of the Bible in your own houses. Your whole life is a silent teaching and preaching to those around you.—*Becher.*

How to Obtain Answers to Prayer.

If we expect an answer to our prayers for any particular blessing, the word of Christ that has respect to that particular thing must specially abide in us. If we pray that the kingdom of Christ may come, we must obey these words of Christ which concern the coming of His kingdom. We must seek first the kingdom of God. We must make the progress of the religion of Christ the real object for which we live. We must labor, and suffer reproach, and endure cheerfully the scorn of men, and hold our property, and all that we call our own, subject every moment to the will of the Master, that so we may glorify His name in the conversion of souls. This was the type of primitive piety, and hence it was that the prayers of the saints then prevailed mightily in the pulling down of strongholds. Our prayers will never in like manner prevail, until we follow their example. The Lord's arm is not shortened, that He cannot save, nor His ear heavy, that He cannot hear. Our God is a living God, as truly as He was in the days of the Apostles. The Holy Spirit is as powerful to bow the heart of man in penitence, as He was of old. But we must abide in Christ if we expect Him to descend, as on the day of Pentecost. The real power of the Church of Christ resides neither in numbers, nor wealth, nor social position, nor learning, nor talent, but in holiness. When the standard of piety in the Church shall reach the point of self-sacrificing love, and simple earnest obedience to all the words of Christ, then, and not till then, will the greatness of the kingdom be given to the saints of the Most High.—*Francis Wayland.*

Sermon Making.

The correspondent of an exchange has the following on Sermon making:

I have often tried to draw a comparison between the preaching of the present age among the Methodists and that which I used to hear fifty or sixty years ago; but the changes which have been going on in the customs and general features of society, and in the usages of the Church, and the changes which time and circumstances have wrought in me, makes it difficult if not impossible, to draw a just comparison between them. And then it is common for us old folks to think that 'the former days' and former things were better than the present. There is one thing however in which I am free to acknowledge that the preachers of the present age greatly excel those of fifty or sixty years ago. It is the art of sermon making; and they have great advantages over them; they are generally better educated, have more time for study, and have more materials from which to borrow, &c., &c. The preachers of those early times had to preach nearly every day; had long rides between appointments; very commonly had to preach eat and sleep in the same apartment; carry their library with their wardrobe, in their saddle bags and study among the clatter of children and the bustle of household affairs; hence they made but few sermons, and those few were greatly waiting in beauty of style and symmetry in their proportions. Yet this lack was more than made up by the zeal and holy fervor with which they often spoke, and by their pathetic exhortations, and pointed appeals made to the consciences of their hearers. If the body was lacking in comeliness, it did not lack the essential part—the living soul, the vital principle without which it could produce no salutary effect upon the hearers. Judging from a few specimens which I have heard of modern manufacture, I am disposed to think that many of the sermons which are made with great care and then read from manuscript, or recited from memory, however beautiful in form, are lacking in spirituality and power. I have heard some which forcibly reminded me of anecdote which I heard related some years ago: A little boy who had read or heard some one read, of the manner and materials of which man was originally formed, took it into his head to try his hand in making men. Accordingly he procured some soft clay, and from it fashioned his men two or three in number. This being done, he got down and tried to breathe into them the breath of life; but they would not show any signs of life. At length he became impatient, and with apparent anger he

commanded them saying, 'Be men, then!' but his command was equally ineffectual his men were nothing but dead clay. So with some sermons which cost much mental labor. The preacher would fain breathe life into them and he substitutes vehemence for holy fervor and speaks loud, and uses strong expressions but, after all, his sermon remains a dead letter, and no one is moved by it—simply because the preacher does not feel it, and the Holy Spirit does not accompany it. It may enlighten the understanding, but does not move the affections; and unless the soul is stirred to its depths, and the heart melted into tenderness, it is hardly possibly to get a sinner to take one step in the way of seeking the salvation of his soul. *Query.* Did the apostles make sermons? or did they not rather study subjects, and then suit their discourses to the time, place, and persons composing their audiences, relying much on the aid and influence of the Holy Spirit to assist them in speaking, and seal the truths on the hearts of their hearers?

PURE IN HEART.—In a discourse on the words 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' Mr. Caughey once remarked that it was impossible to sully a sunbeam. 'And while that sunbeam,' said he, 'may dart down into the darkest hole of filth, and illuminate it, it will soil nothing, and yet not be soiled itself. So the ray of heavenly light and love, existing in the perfect believer's heart, goes into and comes out into contact with the dark dwelling places of filth, and cheers, and enlivens, and encourages by its presence, but is always kept unspotted from the stains of the world. It is God that gives to the pure in heart this great gift and distinction. It is he who can keep the heart in perfect peace. Suppose a white-robed female were walking along some turnpike road, where the mud was flying, and where the horses and wagons, as they hurried and splashed along, at every turn and step, increased the confusion, hemmed up the footpath and threw the water and dirt. Suppose that white-robed female should find, at her journey's end, her white dress as spotless as when first robed; would not this be a miracle? Most surely it would. But a miracle it is that the Christian, in waging his course through this world, in fighting through trials and temptations, and in struggling with the adversary, does not have some mark or stain of conflict on his garments. He cries out, 'Glory to God! free and unspotted, too.' It is a miracle of grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Praise be unto His precious name!

An Officer worth Having.

We know a Lieutenant in the 2d New Hampshire Regiment, who, after much reflection and prayer, enlisted from a sense of duty, and left his little family, the Sabbath School of which he was the superintendent, the choir of which he was the leader, and the church of which he was a prominent and influential member, and went to the war. We received a letter from him, written at Centerville, on the day previous to the wicked Sabbath battle, during the writing of which he received orders to march at 6 o'clock, P. M. In this letter he speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Parker, the Chaplain, and of the influence he is exerting, of the prayer meeting and Sabbath school in his regiment, and of the communion he holds with God. As far as he becomes acquainted with the soldiers, he says, and gains their confidence, he endeavors to impress on their minds the fact that there is a judgment after death, though one may die in defense of his country. Of the approaching battle, he adds, he has no fears for himself, though he knew it must be a terrible one. He felt a perfect assurance that he should be protected by his God against all harm, and should come out unharmed, repeating that he never had a clearer sense of duty in anything than in his present occupation. He received according to his faith. Another letter since the battle, brings the intelligence that though in the thickest of the fight, where balls of all sizes screamed through the air all around him, and he stood amid the dead and dying, he was as calm and collected as in prayer meeting, conscious that he was safe in the protecting care of his God, who would either spare his life or take him to the land of rest. And though for thirty hours he was without food, and for sixty hours without sleep, he was soon recruited again and ready for another engagement. This is true heroism.—*Morning Star.*

WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST MEN.—They who live to benefit others—who are always ready with a kind word to encourage—a smile to cheer—a look to persuade, and a dollar to assist. They are never fearful least a good trade or an excellent bargain should fall into the hands of a poor neighbor, but the more rejoices when such an one meets with encouragement.